

HOW THE MONKEYS GOT HURT.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

"Take back your blood-tinged ring!"

Uttering these words in a low but inaudible voice, Marguerite Pottier buried her face in one of her hands and sobbed with the vehemence and abandon of a water-curtain.

As he listens to her tears Archibald Rapid starts like a cable car when an old lady has one foot upon the step. Unconsciously and without knowing what he is doing, he strokes his slender neck, for the girl's demand has affected him like an axe.

"Do you mean that?" he inquires in a voice that seems to come from his very lips. "If you do, I must ask you to repeat what you have said, or else say it again. But no, I cannot believe that you would treat me thus. Tell me it is some fearful pipe dream—that it is but the effect of the Mayonauke we ate last night! Oh, the ingratitude, the perfidy of women! To think that after all these weeks you should break our engagement at the very moment I hand you the pledge of our betrothal! Ah, what a waste of time!"

"Break our engagement!" she echoes in a hoarse, mule-like voice. "Not if I know it! What do you take me for? I'm no summer girl!"

"Then why did you refuse my ring?"

"I didn't refuse it," she answers. "Young men are too scarce for that. But I really must insist on your taking it back to the store and having that other girl's name scratched out."



Mistaken Identity.

SHOE CLERK—Here is a very neat shoe, just your size, a number seven.

MRS. FARMER, DARTMOUTH—Luk, look honey, who you think I is, Cinderella? Ah, no n' number seven.

All Depended.

JAKE (passionately at 1:20 p. m.)—Will you think of me, darling, when I am gone?

COLE (yawning deeply)—Yes, if I'm alive at that time.



What Indeed.

MRS. CAYKER (who has been reading the newspaper)—In Philadelphia there is a Sterilized Milk, Ice and Coal Society.

MR. CAYKER—What does anybody want with sterilized coal?

Patriotism vs. Goodie.

When war comes to a country
One man for glory fights.
But he whose head is bigger
Gets the contract for supplies.



A Question.

JOHNNY—Say, Dad, may I ask you a question?

PAW—Yes, if you'll be quick about it.

JOHNNY—Well, do you know what makes the C of C okay?

Punctitious.

JONES—Within seems to be a thoughtful man.

HONES—I reckon he is. As soon as his marriage ceremony was performed he made a memorandum of it.

A Model Magistrate.

"The complainant has testified," began His Honor sternly, "that you struck him on the head repeatedly with an axe. Do you admit the allegation?"

"I do," replied the prisoner.

"Have you any defence to offer?"

"Most decidedly, Your Honor. I claim that I was merely asserting my rights as an American citizen."

"Explain yourself."

"It was this way, Your Honor. The complainant has been a neighbor of mine for several years, and until yesterday I had always regarded him as a friend. Last night, however, he came to my house and found me in the back yard engaged in chopping wood. We chatted together for some minutes on general topics. Finally I happened to remark that the Chinese laundry around the corner had failed, and that the Sheriff had taken possession of the store. He replied in an ordinary tone of voice that he was not at all surprised. Suspecting nothing, I asked him why, and—"

"Go on," said the magistrate encouragingly, as he noted the prisoner's increasing agitation.

"And without giving me a moment's warning of his intention, Your Honor," sobbed the prisoner, "he replied that a Chinaman was always liable to break."

At this point the prisoner was unable to control himself, and wept bitterly.

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.



Gusset's Little Joke.

CHOLLY—We fellows were talking at the club as to what was the best term to call our personal attendants—our butler or our valet, when Gusset said the lowliest thing.

REGGY—What did he say?

CHOLLY—He said they ought to be called "happy-runners."

A Soldier for the Rules.

"There's one thing I like about my wife," said Henderson to his friend Scarpus, "she's a thorough sportsman."

"How so?"

"Well, she never knocks me down without allowing me seconds to clasp before striking me again."

Effective.

FIRST MAGNATE—We have a very effective fender on our cars.

SECOND MAGNATE—Ah, indeed?

FIRST MAGNATE—Oh, very. It picks up the people it kills without stopping or even slowing down.

A Natural Inference.

OLD SOAK—My ancestors were knights of old. I would have you understand.

LYNCHUS—Ten knights in a bar-room, I guess, judging by some of their descendants.

NERVOUS LADY PASSENGER (to deckhand)—Have you got down any worse weather than this, Mister Seater?

DECKHAND—Take a word from an old salt, mam, the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-making inquiries about it.

TRUE.

"Art is long." And nobody regrets it more than the man who is listening to the artists in embryo as they struggle with her music lesson.

The Cause of It All.

EXPORTING PARSON—Old gentleman, what makes you get drunk?

OLD RAINBOW (with a grin)—Drinking too much liquor.

HE KNEW.



DIDN'T WISH TO BE PERSONAL.



Regret.

FIRST PEDESTRIAN—There was an unknown bicyclist killed this morning.

Will you give me a dollar toward burying him?

SECOND PEDESTRIAN—Here's ten dollars. Bury ten of 'em. I wish I could spare you a hundred.

Between Wind and Water.

TEN BROTHERS—I see the Spaniards have quite a navy. Do you suppose they can fight well on water?

VAN ISHE—I don't know. They seem to fight very well on wind.

OLD OFFENDER—Indeed, Your Honor, I was as sober as a judge—no reference to Your Worship.

"Calm yourself, my poor fellow," said the magistrate, deeply moved. "You have been shamefully wronged. You are acquitted, and furthermore the Court awards you fifteen dollars from the poor box. Officer, kick the complainant out of the building."

An Unexpected Answer.

"Hello," said Gibbs to Gidds, who was carrying a fishing pole across his shoulder, "going fishing?"

"No," replied Gidds. "Don't you see that I'm going to the cemetery to dig a grave?"

A Matter of Taste.

UNCLE JOSH—I b'lieve them city fellows wears tan shoes just for safe blackin'.

UNCLE JERAM—How so? They don't need for black the other kind if they don't want ter, do they?

He Mistook the Name.

"What did you say about the Senator, sir?" asked the other man.

"I beg your pardon, but I spoke of Joan of Arc."

"Ah, excuse me—my mistake. I thought you said Jones of Ark."

Her Idea.

MRS. CORNSTAWK—Well, I never!

FARMER CORNSTAWK—What's the matter?

MRS. C.—Here's a show month next week, an' it says 'Mr. Hamfat, supported by Marie Fartlites.' Er's a purty nice when a grown man can't support himself!

A PAINFUL REST.



A Dual Alliance Only.

MR. FAGGERT—See here, Marla, unless your mother thinks of going home pretty soon you'd better suggest it to her.

MRS. F.—Why, John?

MR. F.—Well, when I married you I didn't form any dual bond.

Was Too Busy Just Then.

JOHNNY BELLows—Papa, what was the crime of it?

BELLows—Oh, go off, Johnny! I've got something else to think about besides my marriage this morning.

Fate in the Medicine.

"And is poor Pat dead?" asked the undertaker, when Mrs. Hooligan called and asked to be shown some caskets.

"No, he's not dead yet, but the doctor says he won't live all winter, and he knows what he's got him."

1. HUMB PUMPERNICKEL—His bowling was warm work. I guess I was at the top and rest myself.

2. Eat just then a ball came down the incline.